THE SONG OF LIFE.

ust sing of the sunshine;
must sing of the rain;
ust sing us the songs of joy;
one sing woe's refrain;
the end all the songs will blend
ne harmonious strain.

ust sing of the future;
h hopes and fearings rife;
ust sing of the misty past—
dreaming and its strife—
hey will meet in a chord full sweet—
marvelous song of life.

One must sing of the mountains;
One must sing of the sea;
One must sing us the song of love;
And one in hate's shrill key;
Yet all will rise to the blending skies
In one grand harmony.

Love and hate and compassion,
Sorrow and right and wrong,
Past and future and war and peace—
Rise in an anthem strong,
And all will grow, as they ebb and flow,
To life's unceasing song.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

"UGLY MACK."

BY SHELDON C. STODDARD.

BETWEEN the men of Pinerift lumber camp and those of Camp Seven, farther up the river, there at all times was a ng rivalry. "Velvet Joe," the est and possibly the roughest rift man, averred it existed "on al principles."

d Camp Seven perform some par- arly hazardous feat in jam-break- Pinerift took no peace until it equaled and, if possible by any wn means, excelled the Camp en achievement. Had Pinerift the mpion team for hauling, Camp en bestirred itself diligently until ad matched the champion. The ing extended even to the cooks the chore-boys.

onors had for a long time been ut evenly divided between the two ps, but at last Camp Seven had a victory, to its great and osten- ous delight. Tom Patengill, the of Camp Seven's foreman, a pping young fellow of eighteen, on two distinct occasions per- med feats of jam-breaking which n the older men of either camp found it impossible to excel. Cer- ly none of the Pinerift young fel- s had equaled the exploits of ng Patengill, and Camp Seven imed the championship with noisy laim. Heretofore the Pinerift men fully held their own, and this, ir first unmistakable defeat, kled.

"If old Turner only had a son now, ead of that gal-boy of his that's aid of the water!" growled Velvet to his mates in great disgust. ut shucks!"

"That's so, Joe, all right enough," ented Pete Adams, a grizzled ver. "Dicky Turner would be aid of wettin' his fete, let alone ing a lot of rollin' logs."

Turner, the foreman, himself felt loss of prestige that the camp had eived, and several times Dick rner caught his father's eyes fixed on him half-reproachfully. Dick s a quiet young fellow, with square oulders and a broad, deep chest that owed plenty of power to endure.

On the whole, he had perhaps more an ordinary courage, but he had an controllable aversion to—perhaps it ould not be too harsh to say fear of the swift, swirling waters of the ver. The feeling had been born ith him, and try as he might, he ould not overcome it.

"Well, now, if the critter ain't keered of the water!" Velvet Joe had id, in a tone of mingled pity and sgust when the truth was first orne in upon him. And he expressed e sentiment of the camp. Young urner, the only young fellow in heir camp with sufficient strength nd quickness to attempt to pick up om Patengill's gauntlet, was "skeered f the water."

Unable to understand in the least his "queerness," as the men termed , they had come to feel contempt for he quiet young fellow. Half-hidden itherto, out of respect to the sturdy oreman, the feeling now began to how outright. Dick Turner under- tood, and it cut him to the quick, ut he gave no sign.

There were things which he could o, if he could not drive logs on the iver, and one thing he could do es- pecially well. He had a wonderful ift for handling and training horses. This talent he had doubtless inherited from his father.

About a year before the foreman had bought a noted stallion, which for size, strength and beauty was fam- ous far and near. The splendid ani- mal also had the well-earned reputa- tion of being in disposition the ugliest brute that ever pawed the turf.

He was said to have killed one trainer, and to have been under sentence of death therefor when Turner bought him. But the dauntless lumberman believed he could train horse into submission.

fter several futile attempts three narrow escapes from had acknowledged himself and had condemned the be shot. seemed a pity. urner thought, n animal been e country. And like that of a certain tamer of old, excell to conquer and subdue the handsome, terrible creature.

Reluctantly, and only after the young fellow had demonstrated some- thing of his skill and power, did his father consent and give the horse into his care.

No one knew Dick's methods, no one understood, not even the father, his mystic power, for most of the boy's work was done alone, but cer- tain it is that a few weeks after the lumbermen were astonished to see that "Ugly Mack" acknowledged a master —just one in all the world.

For a few days the incident was discussed more or less in the camp, and then practically dismissed. Such a feat was out of the rivermen's line of work. "Nothing but breakin' a horse, anyway," Velvet Joe said, and most of the men considered it an achievement not even worth mention- ing in comparison with the deeds of Tom Patengill, the young jam-breaker.

The winter of 1884-5 was one long to be remembered by the men of the two lumber camps. In the latter part of the winter one of the great blizzards peculiar to the Northwest had swept suddenly down over the woods, de- positing over the whole region a tre- mendous burden of snow. This had been quickly followed by thawing weather and heavy and persistent rains.

Unparalleled floods followed. To- ward the end of the third day the river had risen to a point never reached before within the memory of any of the men, and was still rising. Traditions of the region, perhaps hardly half-believed hitherto, were more than verified. Work was impos- sible, and one after another all the men of Camp Seven strolled down un- easily to Pinerift camp to see if the two great bridges that spanned the river a short distance below it would be able to withstand the unprecedent- ed flood. The bridges, one a wagon bridge and the other, a few rods be- low, the railroad bridge, had been well built, and as yet stood firm. But the water was now perilously high.

Soon all the men were down by the riverbank to watch the flood—all ex- cept Dick Turner. That queer horror of the water had caught like an iron hand at his chest and throat, and from the door of the main shanty of the camp he silently watched the bridges.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the men. A monster pine, un- dermined and uprooted at last from the place that had nourished it for nearly a century, was rushing swiftly down toward the bridges. It missed the abutment, but a portion of the great clump of roots tossed up by the heaving water caught the wood- work.

There was a single sharp crack, and the tree shot on, leaving a gap in the bridge fully twenty feet wide.

And then the rushing giant of de- struction struck one of the abutments of the railroad bridge below. The shock was too much for the over- taxed structure, which had stood so well. Even as the pier gave way the central span came down, to be swept off like broken egg-shells on the flood.

The men stood in silent amazement at the sight. Only a few seconds had been required to complete the double wreck. Suddenly some one shouted:

"The train! Number 17 is due in five minutes!"

It was true, and on the farther side was no living soul to give warning.

The excited men rushed out upon the broken wagon bridge, only to start back from the yawning rent, below which the muddy waters roared. There they stood, helplessly watching the sharp curve in the railroad track, round which in so short a time the train would come sweeping to destruc- tion.

A shout arose behind them, and there came like the wind a horse, black as night, bearing on his back a rider with white face but steady, un- faltering eyes. All knew Turner's Dick and the terrible stallion.

The men shrank back; and then, with a mighty thunder of hoofs, the ugly, halw-wild creature dashed upon the bridge. Angry at sight of the men, with ears laid back and with wicked-looking eyes, he yet obeyed the voice and hand of his dauntless rider, who now gave a quick, peculiar call and leaned forward in his seat.

There was a breathless rush as the fiery creature made instant response. Straight at the fearful gap they dashed. There was a quick uplifting on the bits, another sharp call, and then the astounded lumbermen saw the great black bulk rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the horse had landed fairly upon the broken planks of the farther side!

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous plank gave way, and down upon breast and knees came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp com- mand, and as if on springs of steel the stallion once more struggled forward, only to go down again upon the treach- erous planking. A broken, jagged joist had caught him in the neck, and the men could see the deep, three-cor- nered cut, from which a small red stream was trickling.

Still unsubdued, the stallion plunged again, and this time reached the firm, unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left the bridge, and splashing girth- deep across the overflowed strip be- low the road, he scrambled up the in- cline to the track, and a moment later disappeared, still at a gallop, around the curve.

Benson, the engineer, was scanning the track closely as the train swung down the grade toward the curve that hid Sinking River bridge, when he was startled to see through the gather- ing mist a horseman galloping up the track straight toward the train, and gesticulating wildly. In an instant the whistle bellowed out its hoarse call for brakes.

And then the watching lumbermen saw Number 17 swing round the curve with engine reversed and brakes set, still sliding forward on the wet and slippery rails, but stopping at last twenty-five feet from the ruined bridge.

The fireman and presently a number of men jumped down from the train and ran forward. They looked at the twisted, broken rails that reached out over the tumult of waters below, and the broken wagon bridge above, with its crowd of watching lumbermen.

The fireman, remembering the warn- ing horseman, turned and explained, and a group of men instantly started back up the track.

Directly they found him whom they sought, a young fellow standing by the road bed in his shirt sleeves, un- mindful of the rain into which the heavy mist had thickened. He was bandaging with narrow strips that he had cut from his coat an all but fatal wound in the neck of the big stallion, whose proud head drooped by his shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and the men of Pinerift lumber camp were at dinner, when Dick Turner once more went up the path that led past the main shanty. He walked slowly and with a limp, for his leg had been badly bruised during the scramble on the bridge. Over his arm was the bridle of the black horse, which also walked with an unsteady, shuffling gait—a gait that would, however, soon regain its former ease and vigor.

The young fellow cast a half-ap- prehensive look at the camp as he went by, and wondered if he were to undergo more of the old treatment. He turned off at the little path that led to the rude shed in which Ugly Mack was used to being isolated, but stopped presently in quick surprise. A clean, new stable stood in the place of the shed, and above its door were the words, "Ugly Mack."

With a quick thrill of appreciation, young Turner led the horse into the handsome stall and fed him sparingly from a generous supply of corn thrown up in one corner of the building.

Coming out presently, he was sur- prised to find all the Pinerift men awaiting him. He tried to thank them, but Velvet Joe cut him short.

"We're glad if you like the hut, young feller," he said, "and if it'll do you any good to know it, I'll tell you now that there ain't a man on this job but what'll give his last dime—yes, and the last coat off his back if neces- sary—to buy corn for that ugly critter in yonder. And as for you, young chap," the voice of the big fellow softened, "why—well, this crowd is goin' to give a kind of a salute and a cheer for the bravest chap that every struck Sinking River."

And by way of "salute" the big lumbermen caught the young fellow up, and on brawny arms and shoul- ders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat, and the men sent out a cheer that echoed far up and down the river.

Camp Seven caught it, and at once divined its meaning. The rough, bearded crew—rivalry for the time being lost in the finer feeling of ad- miration for a brave deed well per- formed—sent back an answering cheer.—Youth's Companion.

In 1892 Switzerland lost 7835 in- habitants by emigration, mostly to America. Last year the number was only 3816.

A French company of Alpine rifle- men, with full war equipment, re- cently climbed to the top of Mont Blanc from Chamounix.

The noblest of all charities is enabling the poor man to earn a livelihood.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Bartow Man Makes Pathetic Appeal For Orphans' Home.

TOUCHING STORY OF AN EPIDEMIC

His Own Mother Was Bereft of Her Parents at the Tender Age of Seven, But Fortunately Fell Into Loving Hands.

Ninety-nine years ago today Robert Emmett was executed for high treason. I wonder how many of the old school boys have spoken his speech —his beautiful speech—in defense of himself and companions for the Irish rebellion, and their attempt to seize the arsenal and the arms in Dublin and set Ireland free. I wonder how many of the modern school boys ever heard of Emmet, one of the noblest, purest and most eloquent patriots in all history. It took a smart boy, a gifted boy, a good, kind-hearted boy, to speak that speech with feeling and pathos. Chan Holt could do it, and he was the only one of our set who could make the turkey bumps rise on our spines and our hearts go pity-pat as he stretched himself a little higher and exclaimed: "Let no man write my epitaph. Until Ireland is free, let not my epitaph be written." He had been already tried and convicted, and when the stern old chief justice asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, he made this speech. The judge could not conceal his emotion, and all the court was in tears. Robert Emmet was a very great man. Although but 22 years old at his death, he was the peer and companion of Curran, Grattan and Philips, and the friend and college mate of Thomas Moore, the poet. When executed he was engaged to Curran's daughter, the beautiful Sarah, and Tom Moore has written a charming poem about their sad and broken-hearted destiny. Had it not been for Sarah and his love, Emmet would not have been tried, for he and his fellow patriots, who were leaders of the rebellion of 1798, had already escaped, most of them to America, but Emmet lingered for Sarah's sake and was arrested and tried for treason.

Among those rebels who escaped to America was a young man named Maguire, who landed at Charleston and settled there. He had some means, and began business as a linen merchant, and prospered. Not long after this he married an orphan girl, the daughter of a sea captain, and they lived happily together. Two children were born to them, James and Caroline. No children ever had more loving parents, no parents ever had more loving and lovely children, and for years there was no foreboding of any calamity or affliction that could or would befall them.

But now, as next Saturday, the 28th, is Orphans' day, my ruminations that began with Robert Emmet have, without design, brought my thoughts along down to this Maguire, who was one of his friends and compatriots. I wish to tell the young people a little story about what happened to James and Caroline. It may read like a romance, but it is all fact. The story will fit the day that is to come, the 28th, and will fit the orphans at the home, near Decatur, and those at Clinton, in South Carolina, and those anywhere and everywhere, for it is a fact that 10 per cent of all the children under 12 years of age are either fatherless or motherless. Orphans are the wards of the nation, and are as much entitled to our care and maintenance as are the blind and the deaf. Charity to helpless, friendless children is one thing we can all agree upon. We may differ in politics or religion, but charity is a universal sentiment. The man who loves his fellow men and sympathizes with them in their distress is forgiven for his faults, for charity hideth a multitude of sins. A man may gamble or cheat or drink or lie, but if he is good to the poor and friendless it balances the scales. It is a Dutch story that Jacob Snyder kept a mill. When he died and knocked at St. Peter's gate for admission, the good saint said, "Jacob, you did keep a mill down in the lower world, and you did sometimes take too much toll—thee cannot come in." "Ah! goot saint, dot is true," said Jacob, "sometimes ven de vater vas low and de stones vas dull, I did take a little too much toll, but I always gave it to de poor." The good saint pondered and ruminated long, but finally said, "Jacob, Jacob, I will let you in, but it do strain the gate."

In the summer of 1815 the yellow fever, that awful scourge, visited Charleston, and in a week's time had swept the people away by thousands. It was several days before the panic became universal, and then all who could go fled in terror; but in hundreds of families one or more were taken and could not leave. Maguire and his wife were taken the same day. They lived twenty-four hours and were buried by night in the same grave. The little boy of 9 years was hurried away by a kind-hearted man, and the little girl of 7 by another. Just then the order came from the board of physicians to remove all the children immediately, and James was hurried on a schooner bound for Boston, and Caroline on another bound for Savannah. They did not meet nor kiss a sad farewell, nor knew of each others' fate nor where they were going. What grief was theirs! What briny tears! Bereft! Bereft! that is the word, for it means snatched away. Yes, I knew something about these orphans, for this same Caroline was my mother, and many times have I sat at her knee and listened and wept over the sad story of her orphanage. How in a day she lost her parents and her brother, and was left alone without a relative this side of the sea.

She was placed in the orphan asylum in Savannah and was cared for by good people until she was 10 years old, when one day a good lady came in a fine carriage to choose and adopt a child. The orphans were all clad in their best garments and gathered in the great, big company room and after they were seated the grand lady went round and round talking kindly to one and another and after long inspection stopped at Caroline and said, "I will take this one." The poor girl was alarmed and cried with grief at being separated from those she had learned to love. The great lady was the mother of Rev. Dr. Goulding and the grandmother of Frank Goulding, who wrote the pretty story of "Young Marooners." In the meantime Caroline's brother had been placed in an orphans' asylum in Boston, and after two years he was taken home by a wealthy gentleman of Randolph, who had an only daughter and no son. This daughter James married when he was 21 and they received the old man's blessing and a good estate. In vain, and in vain, had James visited Charleston to find some clew to his lost sister and sadly he returned and mourned her as dead.

Caroline was sent to school at old Midway, in Liberty county, where she made good progress in her studies. Her teacher took great interest in her and kindly visited Charleston and advertised in the city papers for her brother, but learned nothing. When Caroline was 15 her teacher became so deeply grieved over her sad and lonely fate that he married her and here I am. Again he advertised in several papers, and at last in a Boston paper, and said in good, large type, "If James Maguire, whose parents died of yellow fever in Charleston, S. C., in 1815, is living he can find his sister, Caroline, by addressing the undersigned." He saw that. A friend handed it to him in church one Sunday and there was a scene. He came to Georgia by the first vessel that was bound for Savannah. From there he came to Lawrenceville, where my father was then living. I was then but 7 years old, but I remember the meeting and no pen can describe it. The young people must imagine the rest. When last in Savannah I visited the very ground and reverently looked upon the place that gave my mother a welcome and a home. If I am anything that is worthy, I owe it chiefly to my mother and she owed all that she was to an orphanage. Friends, do not forget the day nor the deed that should be done. It will pay in the long run. Maybe it will open St. Peter's gate to some who have taken a leetle too much toll. Forty times are the fatherless mentioned in the Bible. The word motherless is not there, but the word fatherless includes all orphans in the translation. Let us not forget the day nor the deed. A dime or a dollar or more given will be like lending it to the Lord. Send to Rev. H. S. Crumley, No. 200 Oak street, Atlanta, Ga. I know him well and love him. His life work is for the orphans.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Art of Photographing Birds.

Strangely enough, it is not always the more rare and shy birds which are most difficult to photograph, but, on the contrary, very common and usually unsuspicious species, when approached with photographic intent, are exceedingly wary. This is the case with our familiar robin, and also with the kingbird or bee martin. Time and again have I spent an entire afternoon endeavoring to photograph this saucy flycatcher, but without avail, and it is only very recently that I succeeded in inducing one to sit for his portrait, and even he condescended to do so only when his fatherly solicitude was aroused and I disturbed the peace of his young family. On the other hand, blue jays, which are notoriously wild, I have had no difficulty with, provided the time chosen was late summer or early autumn. I find that at this season they readily approach within range of my lens if their cries are imitated while in hiding. Many birds have habits which greatly facilitate matters once they are learned.—A. H. Verrill, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*